

Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 34

Naddalin

Preface:

Once upon a time- there was a place  
called:

'Rockville,' Or a farm- in some small  
town- known all so as a town just like: 'The  
Land of Many Steeple's...' and as asked of me-  
she wanted me to keep the name of her town  
anonymous and them to all of this in this epic  
story do. She- I- we, still feels that all of them  
in these small towns, that you may know, still  
do not deserve the honors of being remembered  
in the story for their names, over the fact of  
what she- I and we went through... Or the girl

in Pittsburgh to see with her you saw life on  
the other end of things, didn't you?

Thus, for this little girl's- Bible- is no  
fairytale...

Yet, it is meant to be just that too...

Up till now, was it all that you  
thought it would be?

Like we all feel the names of towns do  
not matter, the life of, girls like you and I do...  
yet they were all places in Pennsylvania... all but  
one ends up here.'

So far been there was nothing like  
this place at all... In a scene, we were all in a  
place where did not belong, at one time or  
another, at least it is less than one minute or  
so away from one... world to the other, like she  
and I, and them too, and now you too to can get  
there- if you fall- that is... if you fall like us, you  
will see this world phenomena world of  
unbelievable and dark hope.

~Haven~

'To the girl that has my heart- let us be flawed together it's CUTE! Like- we may not be perfect but together we are perfect-perfect.'

Haven- this is where I say my story is over, or so- o, I thought- yet- I have one last thing to say... as who I was... and why I ended up the way I did, yes, I am older now... wiser, and look back on my young days, and think and think... I remember the girl next door, us both holding hands tightly, us both 5 holding hands, I recall her saying- and it was so sweet and cute,' No ma' his... MY BOYFRIEND!'

I remember this, and what could have been... yet this hex was, or she was what stopped it- I knew it and this is why- I end up the way I did and, she... I know that she is living life... and had the family, yet was she happy I never know- the truth... was she really in love with the boy, or me, still... that is the question? I evoke, she was wearing a skirt that was denim, she long browns hair, and green eyes, and a plaid bandanna- I wonder if she ever has had those moments where she sat back and said, I remember that boy back then and think of what could have been, she too

kept apart from me over that one person's  
mouth...

I needed out so, I ended it...

I did not want to think of the  
anymore...

Or, the this and that's...

~Haven~



## Interval 1

There is Jalynn- she is teaching me  
how to go higher and her in the skies.

I's, to have a number on my backside-  
(G- N- 14- 13- 000669- 9966.)

She has told me the story's, of her  
mother, and grandmother and great-  
grandmother... she asked where I went wrong...  
we the rest of them gone dark... you can see  
Jaylynn crying every day at the graveyard,  
fallen, and the haunts of Neveah at her old  
swing by her falling home now, and you can see

Kristen grave next to them all too. A lot of time has passed down there... a- lot.

There goes a flying horse called Nidelzile, oh its mine- (He- there- she pets her head, and mine.) I have one a pet, that I fly-named, Braelynn. This was something I had to do to become a lady- and no longer a little girl... is the brake and ride one... one for life. I used to ride her before I got my black wings... back when I was a little girl, yet we still have a bond...

'There we are looking down on the Earth...

Fallen too You all... and rising above it  
all.'

Chapter: 142

(2020)

Karly- Baby to baby- Grayson- She  
tells him, 'Uh, love, no one's ever going to hurt  
you, love, I'm going to give you all of my love,  
nobody matters like you, she tells him- your life  
is not going to be anything like my life. You're  
going to grow and have a good life; I'm going to  
do what I've got to do.' So, Rock- a- bye baby,  
Rock- a- bye, I am going to rock you.

Rock- a- bye baby, do not you cry.  
Somebody has you... Rock- a- bye baby, Rock- a-  
bye. I am going to rock you.

Rock- a- bye baby, do not you cry. For  
all the single mums out there going through  
frustration. By- Clean Bandit, this song was  
made for me at this point in my life...

Part: 1

It is too odd, I said to be here now,  
all the same teachers at a new school at  
Skoufyceol - yet with me... and not her... why me,  
is the question that I asked?

Why...?

Why- am I the next? Why was the  
hex passed do to me, like all in my family before  
me?

Why- was I chosen, like the I to have  
fallen to this...

Why- I must do more than she ever  
could!

The only girl to ever come this far  
has passed... now should I do the same?

Karly was my Mother... so why me...  
that what we girls have been asking for years  
now...

Why- US...?

Why?

Without doing what I must, I feel  
cheated.

You may know some, old friends, and  
foes along the way, we all did how do you trust?

They were flawlessly standard, Mr.  
and Mr.'s. Doll girl... there were 4 of them, all  
that you would call typical.

A closed-off drive out of sight... is what you see looking into their homestead, and back behind their cover of darkness and tree cover weeping tree is the old-looking home, the same home that, Nevaeh and all my past relatives lived in.

Though they were out there they were also respectful to all, that passed even if year back there were looked down on by the town and the lands... they were in. Yet, even still where easy- to say, thank you very much, to all... even though... their word of them was not the greatest, for your time.

All those girls did what they could.

Why should I be any different?

They were four last individuals to  
have this placed down on them like me.

You would imagine being complicated in  
whatsoever bizarre or mysterious, and it is like,  
just odd because they just did not grasp with  
such gobbledygook, to see what I do.

Mr.'s. Natalie was tinny, and a fair-  
haired short one, and my mother you have  
already met... yet is now 50 or so-o.



Looking around you see that there are still many orchards countless fences and the long drive with the lanterns... nothing here really changes.

Anyways, like- I was saying Mr. Natalie (my daddy) was their administrator of a well-founded named homing, which completed military training, and he got that through my grandmother Kristen, taking over her spot.

Just another day an argument had broken out over breakfast at number four... of us. Not for their first time, this is a day in and day out.

Um- yeah- we live on Privet Drive;  
sorry- I's bounce around- it is my ADHD- so  
keep up.

Dad- I could hear a loud, hooting noise  
from her Naddalin's room.

Naddalin - was a highly unusual girl in  
many ways, yet all the kids she now could sum it  
up in one word or two.

- Gay- S\*UT- or worlds meaning slow  
in the noggin... yet, that was still coming for  
Mazel mouth... all those years back, and here  
offspring of freaks.

For one thing, she hated their winter holidays- like more than any other time of year, it was lonely, yet that is not a new thing with her type- in this family.

For another, she wanted to do her study but was forced to do it in secret, in there dead of night.

The studying of wizardry... to fight the hex that was placed down on us.

Naddalin- named for the one that came before me, smashing their names together.

Naddalie- and Lynn you get- it... not  
the same spelling- anyways... yes...

(Moving forward)

Me- So, it was midnight, and I was  
lying on my stomach in bed. (Reading a book on  
the History of Magic... yet like the ones before  
more, I am not able to do such- you know to  
read to my leave.)

IT IS TIME TO FIGHT EVIL  
WITH EVIL!

I have all my blankets drawn right  
over my head like a tent, making a fort. So,

there is a large leather-bound book propped open against my pillow, as my head is a rest looking over it. I have a big flashlight, on one hand, of mine, and the other hand is holding the page, that I am on, that being 665 on the left.

I FEAR THIS STUFF, YET I AM  
SICK OF BEING SICK AND TIRED.

I- Naddalin, moved the tip of MY finger to the eagle feather quill down the page, I had used as a bookmark.

I am frowning as she looked for something that would help her author this essay, I needed to do for school, yet could not

keep interested... yet, with me, that is- what I  
have- or so they say. Fight this- all the is  
what I have- not that- this...!

I am thinking that- Witch Burning in  
their Fourteenth Century was Completely  
Pointless if so, I would be there now... - Ah- I  
Am like- discussing this all in my head- like a  
crazy girl- I AM NOT CRAZY.

(Back)

My dad is a big, beefy man with  
hardly any neck... although he did have an  
exceptionally large mustache, there was on  
there not like Hitler yet small, and before you

say it, like- I know whom she is...'...Not just some bad guy.'

(The Natalie's, had a small girl called Dariez and there was no finer girl anywhere, and they had her. They did not deliberate they may tolerate it if anyone found out about theirs, and then her, see she was the one that was- BAD. Sh\*t- The Natalie's had their whole enchilada- all everything- and anything they sought after, nonetheless, they also had a hush-hush dark secret and a darker past, and her being most of it, yet she was here- and they had to put up with her no? Even if we

tried to kill her... In addition to that, their highest terror was that an important or unimportant of this girl that would find them all out, and the hex that they wanted to let go of. Yet we were never- ever let that happen.)

NEVER...!

FOR THEY ALL HAVE- AND HAD-  
BEEN SO- O F\*CKING PERFECT.

In a wondrous way... I think if this is all said and down, yet I feel that- why not, it is more, my grandmother, to do this... here wises... on this family.



~\*~

(Mr.'s. Natalie conjured their story that she did not have a younger sister, that is was just three girls, yet she was in school with them, under a name that was not the same, since, that her younger sister and her ass of a husband were as Natalie- I- sh as it was possible to be- we found out- it's not hard they all look the same.)

US- Um- like them as queen as if they were their modern family from the 1950s, TV show was not their thing. The Natalie's trembled to with their minds, that their

neighbors would say if there all their kids like -  
s arrived in their motorway, after school with  
here being seen. Yet we all no... we all do...

Ah- the secret shame... he- he- he.

The Natalie's knew that their kids  
had a small a little girl, with them, too, her-  
Naddalin, the descent from them... but they  
had never- ever even seen her, so they say, yet  
she is there.

This girl was another respectable  
real for keeping their past away; they did not  
want her mixing with any of the other children,  
around her, that was so creepy and odd- to

them and their dick- sh ways, yet what had to be done.

Mr.'s. - was Mr.'s. Natalie's sister, but they had not met for many ages did not affect, a long story covering up here... so, who are they... hint- hint... When Mr. and Mr.'s. Natalie woke up on their dull, gray after a night of romping, Natalie gossiped away happily as she wrestled an ear-piercing Alisha into her high chair. And the tiny child, and giggled Mr. Natalie as he left their adorable house next to the railroad tracks and many hayfields, with its oh- so nice fencing for years.

(Day's pass)

Thursday our story starts, there was nothing about their overcast heaven's outdoor to propose, that outlandish and mysterious things would soon be happening all over their queendom. Mr. Natalie buzzed as she picked out his most uninteresting tie for work, and Mr.'s.

The plume paused at their top of a Pa. paragraph.

Naddalin pushed her long hair off the bridge of her nose, as she sat... there, contacts covering her real eye color, and true Identification- the light blue.

(Back to that night)

After playing with myself, as girls do  
at bedtime, and no I cannot frantically frap-  
like some- I move the flashlight closer to the  
book, and read, about wizardry. I was loving  
this increasingly... the darkness was holding me-  
like no- another thing could. With all my ADHD-  
E- itch- NESS- and all!

Non- magic people... would not get me  
I thought...

Me- were particularly afraid of magic  
in medieval times, more now than then... I think  
yet I do not have a mind to do that do

I? ...Yeah- but not particularly good at recognizing it... I see this with them- and they. Like this one time on a rare occasion I's think I go a catch a real witch- for another family, she was one of them, that trashed me out. Burning or killing me did not affect whatsoever... I knew what I was going to do either fall to them, or fall like her, or overcome it all.

The witch would perform a basic

Flame-Freezing Charm, on Nevaeh

and Karly, thinks they were doing the same thing over and over in a day week, or even years at a time- I have read this- yet they do not

want to hear it... it in the past they say... said  
no? Déjà vu is what it called, and then pretend  
to shriek with pain while enjoying a gentle,  
tickling sensation... lost in time in space you feel,  
that sounds sick.

Naddalin put her quill behind her ear  
and reached underneath her pillow for her ink  
bottle and a roll of parchment, and very  
carefully her unscrewed their ink bottle, dipped  
her quill into it... making notes... about being a  
wizard, and how to overcome this all.

I began to write, pausing every...  
that was the now out... and then to listen... my

inner voices... that talk to me. Because, if any of their townspeople would hear, all hell would break out.

The girls that were not good to her could hear there scratching of her quill on their way to their bathroom, yet that just thought that was her in her crazy's. Doing what she does and that being weird.

I would find myself locked in their room under their winding steep for the rest of their summer, which became my room, to get away from them.



The family is on that, privet drive,  
love summer off, yet not Naddalin- she never-  
ever enjoyed her summer breaks either, over  
the face she was let in her room under the  
stars to wither away, and decay in the mind.

Uncle Read, Aunt Jennath, and their  
girl, Dariez, where Naddalin's only living  
relatives.

They were nonmagical people, and  
they had a very medieval attitude toward  
magic, my sisters, also. Naddalin's dead parents,  
who had been a witch and wizard themselves,  
were never- ever mentioned under their roof.

For years, Aunt Jennath and Uncle Read had hoped, that if they kept Naddalin as held back as possible, they would be able to squeeze their magic out of her. To their fury, they had not been unproductive.

All these days they lived in terror of anyone finding out, that Naddalin had spent most of their last two years at the school for girls Skoufyceol of Witchcraft and Wizardry, yet that is where they sent her... one she bagged, two to go on like there was no known issue.

(The most they could do, however, was to lock away at Naddalin's and her spell

books also, the wand too, could Sophia, and broomstick at the start of their summer break, and forbid her to talk to their neighbors, for she was slow in the head it was a boarding school for the low life... like the pig she is... or was it...? We wondered...)

This departure from her spell books, she had been a real problem to them- 'she'- being Naddalin, because her teachers had given her a- lot of holiday work, and at her old school at what was the oak view, the name changed back after the towns got their identities back, she did not have to do anything for they felt,

that she was a waste, and a waste of time, besides could not be taught.

One of their essays, a particularly nasty one about shrinking potions, was for Naddalin's least favorite teacher, Professor Gonzales, who would be delighted to have an excuse to give Naddalin detention for a month.

Naddalin had, therefore, seized her unintended, ways in her first week of their holidays, as unwanted.

While Uncle Read, Aunt Jennath, and Dariez had gone out into their Sophia garden to admire the snowfall, Uncle Read's new company

car as well, (in very loud voices, so that the rest of their street would notice a new 2005 Toyota Prius in the driveway,) Naddalin had crept downstairs, picked the lock on their cupboard under their stairs, grabbed some of the other girl's books, to learn there stupid, and hidden them in her small bedroom under the stars. Yet even after all these years, nothing in a small town will ever change... just like minds.

If she did not leave spots of ink on their sheets, that would never know... even so, they thought she was nuts, there need- ed

never to know that she was studying magic by  
night, and her smarts by day, 'till dusk.

Besides, the third time this week,  
she was in trouble doing more than just  
studying in her little room, by the girls, that  
would take photos of her and put them online!

We sat a- crossed, from all of them,  
at the table, while they were saying it cannot  
control your- ways- with this junk, it must go!

None of them noticed large, tawny  
flying horses flutter past the window only me  
yet like them before me I have the gift of only  
being able to the worlds of good and evil,

genetically altered, they are... coming to see me... like all that have fallen... I can talk to them too. I am one of them... fallen, what they do not know is that the train took my soul, and I not alive at all... YET, I HAVE TRAYED TO KILL MY SELF OVER AND OVER, and the hex will not let me... all over they beat the sh\*t out of me... and I am misunderstood.

So-o now, it is half-past eight, Mr. Natalie picked up his attaché case, pecked Miss. Natalie on her cheek, and tried to kiss and hug Alisha goodbye, but Missed her face, this one was not feeling it, because, Alisha was now

having a little passive outburst of bratty- ness  
and throwing her cereal at their walls and  
ripping newspapers was more important.  
Lovely- he got into his car and backed out to  
drive off the overhanging tree that a now  
around 150 years old, or more.

Naddalin tried, yet again, to explain,  
her feeling and thoughts about everything yet  
they would not hear it. Just rolling their eyes  
at her senselessness.

It was at the junction of their  
motorway, that he saw their first sign of  
strange- a pussycat walking backward on their



road. He was having one of those moments. It was a spell...?

For a second, Mr. Natalie did not grasp what he just had seen- then he shook his head around to look again, lost in the moment of think I was here before, yet this should have never been.

He said this all to me- was he seeing things...? Like- from not getting any sleep last night, over too much Freak ME sex- his girl- and was playful and all, and she was too- happy to put up with me anyway. It was like their minds were taken over by something that was- NOT.

Driving past her he saw yet another  
one... doing the same thing, life is running  
backward... (she has said this to me...)

A black cat walking backward on their  
corner of the driveway, past the front of the  
car. I was getting my head wrapped around  
what cat would do that? And I was bored, and  
running through the fields, to them chasing  
nothing yet in my mind it after the world they  
do not see, the world of angels, flying horses,  
and magic.

She is used to flying around outside,  
with me in the fields, I run carefree too, looking

as they say crazy. It was the only thing that was real to us.

Caregiver- If I could just let her out at night, she would not have the smarts to come back. She is off looking for things and playing pretends in her mind. It must have been a trick of their light, I too thought I saw this girl having black wings...? No- maybe...?

She was the gorgeous thing I had had ever seen... I was fixed on her... and could not say in the world what I saw... nor did I want to.

(Back)

The cat was looking at me... with  
glassy eyes... the feeling of chatting... it was  
speaking to me. (I have lost it...)

The look in my eyes said... I want your  
soul- a long and old lost like story... of why...  
that was a question not answered that she  
wanted me to understand.

## Part: 2

Mr. Natalie batted an eyelid and  
stared at the cat, that looked evil. It started  
back, as Mr. Natalie drove their corner and up  
their road. The eyes haunting him in the moon  
like and the crows, losing their minds, flying

behind, and the trees scraping against the new car, he floored it, and watched their cat in his mirror, running fast and faster, unlike anything Earthly could.

Calling to him- like... in long creepy whimpering. (I want you...) nope, seeing at their sign; um- cats could not talk say to say to her what she was thinking, nonetheless what are all these signs, about- and it hit him, like- the girl, was hexed, and bring on the evil into their life's.

Before getting in his car- she did not see they are a- a lot of creepy- creepy- birds

flying around him, wanting to pick at his eyes  
and face, with wings, spread- fly down past him  
in the early daylight.

Do I look stupid...? I wounded and  
thought to myself...? This is a dream...? I know  
that we have come a long way in life, with  
fixing love, and then saying we need it, and then  
fixing sickness, and that is playing well, or  
making a baby the way you want him or her...  
yet I never- ever seen something like this. 20  
years, I remember when that all took place... I  
was not for it at all, I was one of the boys in  
my teens, and wondering this was a side effect,

for not having young lust, then. It was the régimes taking over... and we overthrew them...

How could love be- bad...?

Part: 3

(Next day)

Snarled, Uncle Read, a bit of fried egg dangling from his bushy mustache. And- I know what will happen if I was to speak out and up to about what I am real.

And- and so on... that chatted about what happened... as I crammed eggs into my

pie hole, and did not look up, and did not say anything unless spoken too.

Mr. Natalie gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind, even if that was all that he was babbling about. And all that I wanted to explain yet was not allowed too... it was frustrating.

That is a good thing... she said, let it go...

This day started the same as the day before- as he drove toward the town that looks decerped timeworn Victorian, and some thought out of there pass the day in the



1920s or 1930s, fairytale-like, we pondered,  
how the town was still standing, and the  
highway too, it was thought about, nothing  
except a large order of training he was hoping  
to get that day.

Let me love you is playing in the  
background an oldy but goodie they say...

However, on their edge of town,  
military exercises were driven out of his mind by  
different, diverse, and dissimilar. Yet the cat  
keeps popping into his mind like her... and the  
feelings of wrong.

Naddalin tried to claim, that she knew the why of it all, but her words were- go- under by a long, loud gulp looking at the other girl's.

It was a shocking business... shocking... miracle none of them died... over this, never- ever heard the like... by thunder, we are here and all that shocked in the face, it was lucky you were there, or you would have goosebumps too.

Everything comes back to you... I said this and the one said, thank you, Martita, she was smitten, in thinking DAt. I did not see the

sarcasm, and said thanks back! She said too,  
missed me doing the same, in my tone.

Thinking about a girl, yes that girl, I  
was lost in the thoughts, that she wanted for  
so long, to go there and to kiss, ahh- h- ha- I  
was a thing about her.

And- Thank you, very- very- much  
indeed, truly, and Martita, I said.

(Back at school)

Second Class, I would have to say... it  
was nothing to say anything about. First Class-  
also- and, if I can swing it, I get through it!

Besides- and... think about a girl! The other wizard girl, like me... that I like- like more of them like even love. I knew why I had a nasty headache, yet I was not going to say any more there was no use in it, I suppose? Even in class, there were not all there yet that is me.

Besides- it was-, Clean, and Kizziah, Martita... where all in my class to feeling this black darkness is me, yet I's was aware of what was going on.

(Besides- if it is not wizardry on our young minds, then selfies masturbating, with their other girls is their anti-boredom, we all in

their same room so- it happens, in their chambers. I think about kissing a girl, why not, they are all we have. Also- no...! It is wrong to think she, and her of all girls to think about in such sin- shy ways, yet we all know. Yes, even in a place like this... even if it a place of witchcraft, there is still something that is considered wrong, and she more than most- yet here we like to look at what others say.

Naddalin- and I go to hell for it anyways, I thought, yet, being young and dumb these days, every older preteen says we kids/girls are at are all-girl school. Like- we- us-

all- belong way down below, for our sins, of all,  
even lust- the lust of all, yet therefore we are  
here in their first place.

This blackness had bewitched them  
and her more than their others, I saw it at  
once, yes, yes, I did, a confounds charm, to judge  
by their behavior.

They thought there was a possibility,  
that she was innocent, blameless, guiltless, they  
would be right, and so- o would she in some ways  
also.

For a girl to enjoy herself you need to  
be a yardstick apart, said there, one professor.

Who- say's things like that? Said one  
teacher at her old school...

Some girls just rolled their eyes,  
others it went over their young heads. Judge  
by their behavior, she said, we do, to see into  
your- mind, body, and soul.

(Alleged)

'I will be judged by them...? I do not  
care... I thought.'

Part: 4

(Forward)

(The board)

They were not responsible for their actions, said their one- in a fast-ripping thought. On their other hand, their interference might have allowed black shadow, to outflow... over them too from her, from their soles within, from their black hole below, they visibly, with her and the other girl no...? Thought they were going to catch black shadow solitary- tendered.

They have gotten away with a great deal before now... yet that is what we have them here now... These young ruthless smutting girls think about nothing but



temptations, I am afraid it has given them a high opinion of themselves... and of course - has always been allowed an extraordinary amount of license by their principal... to think and be with-  
HER!

- And, mmm.

And- Ah, well, Gonzales... Naddalin, you know... we've all got a bit of a blind spot where she was concerned, worried, and nervous.

And- Bothered... completely!

And- And yet - is it good for her to be given so much special treatment? That thought was bouncing 'round their campers too.

In my view, I try and treat her like any other student.

And any other student would be suspended - at their very least - for leading his friends into such danger.

Consider, Martita - against all Skoufyceol rules - after all their safety measures put in place for his protection - out-of- bounds, at night, consorting with a werewolf, and a murderer - and, I have a purpose to be

certain of her has been visiting: Skoufyceol of Wizardry unlawfully too and, to HER, and their others, she should be... not with all of them... we cannot do that... she is fine said there one... fine... a sweet child... nothing more nor less...

Besides- with a - well, well... we shall see, Gonzales, we shall see... The girl has unquestionably, incontestably, and categorically has been thoughtless... and a bloody fool!

And- was thought and passed, 'round.

Chapter: 143

The girl has a vagina is I am sorry  
here...! And- shoulders movie, to their obvious.  
Naddalin lay to listen in with her eyes tight  
shut, holding her girlfriend's hand tightly.  
Saying under her breath, I do not care- I do  
not if it is wrong, I love you. And- she giggled; I  
feel there same about you too, quietly this  
happened. She felt very sleepy and was wanting  
to go to her sleeping chamber with her and  
there shared a bed, held hands, like young girls  
do, in their night tops all there same as their  
others two to a bed, yet they picked each other.

(A day back)

She remembered that her limbs felt heavy, then their steam train, with all them that were once in it; her eyelids too heavy to lift... Pa. over, they nodded off-hand and hand at once, she wanted to lie here, on this comfortable bed, forever...

The words she was hearing seemed to be wandering very eerie to her from her ears to her brain so that it was problematic to understand... at this undeveloped age, of a tween.

How would I describe my looks I  
would say I look like a honey blond Emma  
Watson; medium- brown hair.

Sometimes, it is very subtly  
highlighted with gold, but it is never anything  
obvious. I usually wear my hair parted in the  
middle, although occasionally you will see me  
with her hair parted to the right side. The  
hair color does vary slightly from a darker  
brown to lighter brown, and from golden hues to  
redder ones. However, my color does not change  
dramatically. It usually falls just past shoulder  
length. I wear my hair straight or with a

slight wave. I's use a large- barreled curling iron or sleep-in braids, to do that.

Wearing nude or neutral colors on my lips. I will apply light pink or peach blush to her cheekbones.

However, this look is never overly dramatic. I play my eyes, I do not wear false eyelashes, and I do not go for bright or garish pastels or sparkly colors. I am a fan of smoky eyes. I am a girl with eyebrows, I do not see the need for plucking all of them little hairs out, we girl have enough of that to do as is.

And why is when I make lady- ness  
with me myself and I- I get the sillies? Is all  
about the fact I think about her well-doing?

I love her, I think...

Just like objects can hold spirits, like  
my great grandfather's railroad lantern that  
was Blair Jays Natalie's, when he was a  
railroad worker, odd I got it from the train  
that is now main... like he leads me to do this...  
Just like Jinger has a mooring necklace, around  
her neck with a crystal, dark made from the  
human hair of the one that past, I have one  
to form a girl that was named Lily, oh so many



years back, I kept it... and I feel as she did-  
odd I do not know why, I know that she loved  
her daddy more than anything, he saved her...  
That a story in its self...

## The Girl in the Window

### Part: 1

The little girl lost in her room, looking out from the window said, all along she feels as the world closes its eyes on her, yet she never-sleeps, she the girl in white that never-ever is at rest. The dormer- the room grayed to her memories, of her life in the past when she was alive, her dad died was what killed her also on the inside, she wants to hide, yet all she has is the girl that lives in her old room to talk too, do you see them playing together yet it is all in her mind.

Do you see me with my- sad looking  
eyes crying for your life, I want to be in you to  
playing within you and your body and mind do you  
have the time to feel me- as I want to get out  
of this room, stop hunting be as rest and move  
on... yet, I need someone like you- to do that...  
do you see my old house as it is falling around me,  
yet Sarrah lives here too she plays with me  
even if she does not dead yet? I am forever  
and always looking out my addict window down  
at the kids I do not get to see- why?

For I am always up here- that is  
why... they do not get me, I do not think... do

you see the covering, on my window, and the  
room of my roof line as you look up at me, do you  
hear me calling out for you? Asking for a body or  
soul to take like yours. I am here until you find  
me, we- you find me... please help me! I am  
always frightened by what I see and do not see  
alike... like with her- I could say the same- she  
is there and then she is not, do you see her long  
hair blowing in the wind, that is not even  
there...?

Just a shadow person, for all my days  
left, until, I find peace- looking down is all that I  
do- and did all my life... (She is the shadow that

is over me always.) - I see here in white I do-  
with her dark hair and green eyes, and little  
frame. The room is all gray, and the ceiling drips  
on me in the night when it rains; or even the  
snowmelt, like it, ever did in the past back when  
I was alive her in the 1800s.

Things have changed, then again,  
they have not in here, it is all I see out there  
that gets me thinking, does it- you? Not in here,  
where it is always the same, but outside where  
life has changed. Do you see my desk as it sits  
empty with nothing, but the lantern that

flickers for me in the cold lonely nights, that  
was my dad from the railroad?

The chair's broken, from age and has  
three legs, now that I can sit on, why for the  
fact, that I can make it float, as I do as well,  
I am as the light of the ground, like a leaf in  
the gusting breeze, a tight room with the  
wood framing showing. All whitewashed, and yet  
mucky, and musty... she is there and then she is  
not, like me she lives in the same very walls and,  
yet I can go through them now, unlike before...  
and I can do this as I please... you and I are on  
the ground over there in the graveyard. Do you

see my headstone? Like- do you see my headstone, with my name under the angel oak tree. Do you see me coming out of it, and the ground, at night, I must be reminded that I am dead... that- that... is only my body there, yet this is me now...?

Always, back to my home where- I stay in my room with her, now it is her room, her mom and dad do not know or get that we do this, I have a friend in a living girl, that is about nine years old, and now I am inside of her, she is mine and my new live on Earth, to take, and she is in me... I will live the life I never-

ever had, one way or another, do not you see-  
that I love her for this... and maybe if love her  
for all that she is too.

Do you see my moth-eaten blankets?

...And that she uses now...?

BUT IT'S all me, as she does not you  
see... NOT her all me, she is no- longer- the  
NOT her... that looks like her to them but not  
to you and I for we now know- sh-h! She is me-  
me- is she- do you get that? Confused- do not  
be... Do you see the old head and footboard  
there that we share? Do you see me with me



all cute kneeling at the window looking out, at  
the crescent moon- with her?

I see all kinds of changes too like into  
a full round moon to a big sun, I have seen a- a  
lot of days, I have seen the days and nights for  
over 100 years, around the time that the first  
longest novel was written, funny... no, and now-  
now- by a man with the same first name- odd?

All the time- I never- ever changed,  
yet, I get a new girl body to see, too still like  
mine. And change their state of mind, they did  
as I changed her now, and there in the ground  
left behind no longer, like me, I weep like the

rain, on a tree to make it grows- through like  
her I will still, I did not have a good life, now I  
will take, and see if I well, a good life, is not  
what I had with my dad he did things to me  
that you would not understand, or maybe you  
would I don't know, either way, I don't want to  
talk about it, yet that teddy bear, is long gone  
too... so why talk about it. Do you see the rolling  
hills? Do you see the grave markers, more?

Do you see the tracks... next to the  
home? Do you see me over them all, I  
remember all of them, therein there none-  
what I would call friends... yet, there died to

me too even then, not to be seen... if you know  
what I mean... until I am at peace, yet seeing  
them I will never be? Yet, well I ever am even  
now- that is the question? There are never  
flowers on my plot, yet 100 years, I could see  
why- yet there was never-'till her... nothing but  
bones next to me to keep me warm... ha- funny  
my daddy's... sick- sick!

## Part: 2

The sun shines, yet not for me it is  
always a rainy day, in my head- even now- yet  
get better, the clouds are there, saying go to  
hell, yet I do not want to... not just yet.

The little girl lost in her room, looking out from the window said, all along she feels as the world closes its eyes on her, yet she never-sleeps, she the girl in white that never-ever is at rest. The dormer- the room grayed to her memories, of her life in the past when she was alive, her dad died was what killed her also on the inside, she wants to hide, yet all she has is the girl that lives in her old room to talk too, do you see them playing together yet it is all in her mind.

Do you see me with my- sad looking eyes crying for your life, I want to be in you to

playing within you and your body and mind do you  
have the time to feel me- as I want to get out  
of this room, stop hunting be as rest and move  
on... yet I need someone like you- to do that... do  
you see my old house as it is falling around me,  
yet Sarrah lives here too she plays with me  
even if she is not dying, yet? I am forever and  
always looking out my addict window down at  
the kids I do not get to see- why?

For I am always up here- that is  
why... they do not get me, I do not think... do  
you see the covering, on my window, and the  
room of my roof line as you look up at me, do you

hear me calling out for you? Asking for a body or soul to take like yours. I am here until you find me, we- you find me... please help me! I am always frightened by what I see and do not see alike... like with her- I could say the same- she is there and then she is not, do you see her long hair blowing in the wind, that is not even there...?

Just a shadow person, for all my days left, until, I find peace- looking down is all that I do- and did all my life... (She is the shadow that is over me always.) - I see here in white I do- with her dark hair and green eyes, and little

frame. The room is all gray, and the ceiling drips  
on me in the night when it rains; or even the  
snowmelt, like it, ever did in the past back when  
I was alive her in the 1800s.

Things have changed, then again,  
they have not in here, it is all I see out there  
that gets me thinking, does it- you? Not in here,  
where it is always the same, but outside where  
life has changed. Do you see my desk as it sits  
empty with nothing, but the lantern that  
flickers for me in the cold lonely nights, that  
was my dad from the railroad?

The chair's broken, from age and has  
three legs, now that I can sit on, why for the  
fact, that I can make it float, as I do as well,  
I am as the light of the ground, like a leaf in  
the gusting breeze, a tight room with the  
wood framing showing. All whitewashed, and yet  
mucky, and musty... she is there and then she is  
not, like me she lives in the same very walls and  
yet I can go through them now, unlike before...  
and I can do this as I please... you and I are on  
the ground over there in the graveyard. Do you  
see my headstone?



Like- do you see my headstone, with  
my name under the angel oak tree. Do you see  
me coming out of it, and the ground, at night, I  
must be reminded that I am dead... that-  
that... is only my body there, yet this is me  
now...?

Always, back to my home where- I  
stay in my room with her, now it is her room,  
her mom and dad do not know or get that we do  
this, I have a friend in a living girl, that is  
about nine years old, and now I am inside of her,  
she is mine and my new live on Earth, to take,  
and she is in me... I will live the life I never-

ever had, one way or another, do not you see-  
that I love her for this... and maybe if love her  
for all that she is too.

Do you see my moth-eaten blankets?

...And that she uses now...?

BUT IT'S all me, as she does not you  
see... NOT her all me, she is no- longer- the  
NOT her... that looks like her to them but not  
to you and I for we now know- sh- h! She is me-  
me- is she- do you get that? Confused- do not  
be... Do you see the old head and footboard  
there that we share?

Do you see me with me all cute  
kneeling at the window looking out, at the  
crescent moon- with her? I see all kinds of  
changes too like into a full round moon to a big  
sun, I have seen a- a lot of days, I have seen  
the days and nights for over 100 years, around  
the time that the first longest novel was  
written, funny... no, and now-now- by a man with  
the same first name- odd? All the time- I  
never- ever changed, yet I get a new girl body  
to see, too still like mine.

And change their state of mind, they  
did as I changed her now, and there in the

ground left behind no longer, like me I weep like  
the rain on a tree to make it grows- through  
like her I will still, even so, I did not have a  
reasonable life, now I will exercise it, and see if  
I well, a good life, is not what I had with my  
dad he did things to me that you would not  
understand, or maybe you would I don't know,  
either way, I don't want to talk about it, yet  
that teddy bear, is long gone too... so why talk  
about it. Do you see the rolling hills? Do you see  
the grave markers, more?

Do you see the tracks... next to the  
home? Do you see me over them all, I

remember all of them, therein there none-  
what I would call friends... yet, there died to  
me too even then, not to be seen... if you know  
what I mean... 'till I am at peace, yet seeing  
them I will never be? Yet well I ever am even  
now- that is the question? There are never  
flowers on my plot, yet 100 years, I could see  
why- yet there was never-'till her... nothing but  
bones next to me to keep me warm... ha- funny  
my daddy's... sick- sick!

The sun shines, yet not for me it is  
always a rainy day, in my head- even now- yet  
get better, the clouds are there, saying go to

hell, yet I do not want to... not just yet. The tree is going to pass on before I do- you get that?

Do you get that...?

I remember being a kid, yet I do not, it was taken from me at 8 years old, and then I do not ever remember just being a kid like them or she or her too... I remember my mom being here and then not, I saw it all fade away, even if I was so young, I got it, I got sad about it... like her, with me, it is like living the same life over. I recollect being feed, and being feed up with life, and being bath at night by

daddy too... 'until that night that I fight back  
and said- 'NO.'

I remember him- my daddy, -  
strangely me out, after my bath and I was  
bare, we have all been abused by someone in one  
way or another their hands or mouth that is  
why we turn, to a girl, if we are a girl for love  
other than men, that has always been mean to  
us- even if not the same boys- we think he is,  
and girls are always sweet caring and  
understanding, even if... I remember being in  
the fight for my life, and him being mean over  
something like pissing the bed, being feet

smashed, rope around my head, books that he never- ever read hitting me in the head with it, called a bible... he started raping me and ripping the pages out saying craziness...

All the pages were flying about and hitting the floor as I was being bounced on top of and had to do the other way around. 'Books are like boobs' he said to me- along with-you have to feel them and open them up like that little sight you have down there,' and you don't have those, grow up and be a woman, now- he was scrambling in my ears!



I used to get out at night- from my room and the musky bed, and get... to see the graveyard at night, walking around, they became my friends in my head, looking for someone to call a friend and not 'till her, 100 years later, that understood me for me- and she's alive- so full of life, and become a girl that like girls. I am Lucie, the girl lost her in her room in a window, that was looking for a girl lover, and I have found her, and she is just like you! I look back on my life when I was nine, back in 1927, the ford in the yard sat in the mud, and my whit Victorian was still falling-

down yet not like now... yet that was over we-  
were a poor family.

And yet still astounding to those that  
passed by it think we were something for this  
immense home, a wonder some called it for its  
room count and size. Do you see the 3 levels of  
this how with- it triangle roof in the middle  
part, up at the top is my room...?

Do you see all the arched windows-  
200 of them it was, all made just for the home,  
along with its wood-clad siding- do you see that  
one only that is always like it is glowing at  
night with a slight flicker of yellow, warmth in

the cold- cold evenings? This room is all mine and  
no- little girl should take this away from me I  
thought 'till she- yes- she moved in... I get into  
her mind body and soul you see, now and forever  
as long as I like 'till I am at rest, or feel that  
I am... I am never- ever going to let go...  
never- ever- ever never! Even as bones someday  
she will be mine, my special friend!

Do you see the steps going into the  
dibble doors too, which can be opened- to even  
now the perfect feel- to someone like you- of  
something like the smell of fresh baking cookies,  
sitting on top of the old stove that never

changed? Do you see the eerie fences that wrap around the home like the porch? Oh, home I never want to leave it... more now than ever-over her.

The swing sawing the rocking me to sleep, back in the day, the night she leads me away with her, she was the only one I reviled myself too... in the daytime. Do you see- what all this and everything here is to me? And do you see all the things that have happened to me...?

I do not want to die final all alone, that is why I stayed here looking all these

years, someone to get me. The night up in a tree, she and I, sing, playing, and kind. Her crying for me makes me stronger, looking down making my tree grow, and as she is standing on my grave... wishing she were me now and I am here... and we are- we are.

You do not have to be stuck with you all your life- if you do not want to if your someone like me- or she too. Do you wish you were me- scary you are now- I am all inside of you- and in your head always- and forever- I will haunt your dreams- and I own you- he- he- he!

Until you find true love you will never- ever-  
never- ever be free of me!

### Part: 3

Naddalin felt herself, and along with  
their completely swelling with pride as she  
watched them all. But it was a much closer,  
Miss. Smith, than usual, and everybody, all, and  
everyone else had made enormous progress, yet  
not this girl in her studies, this is what they  
were talking about. After an hour, Naddalin  
called a stop to all, and let her mind rest...  
bypassing out over-exhaustion. The last thing  
she said to her before she left for the brake...

'you and I, when we get back from holidays, we can start doing some of their big stuff even more spells...'

When she woke up- she was by her side. You are getting good, she said, grinning around at them, looking at them. There was a murmur of enthusiasm, they were doing more than just magic- no?

The room began to clear in their usual twos and threes; most people wished- in the open room of nude girls running around naked taking steam hot showers, seeing her this way was- no words could say it... Naddalin a 'Happy

Christmas' as they went, yet she was happier being back with her and the others- yet maybe just her.

Feeling cheerful, she collected up their cushions with Jinger and Emmah and stacked them neatly away, still drawing off airing out the goodies... yet where all girls- so-o yes...

Jinger and Emmah left before she did, it was bedtime after all; she hung back a little, because Koufyce was still there and she was hoping to receive a 'Merry Christmas' from her, yet that was not likely.



'No, you go on, 'she heard her say to her friend, Martha and her heart gave a jolt that took it into their region Saula. She pretended to make straight her pillow pile, to do what she was going to do- and that was hump and romp with her girls.

She was quite sure, so unquestionable, they were alone now, and waited for her to speak with her through the night, even if there was a big day ahead, she was going to be with her romantically. As an alternative, she heard a hearty sniff, of her undies under her

pillow, and said go night and fall asleep with her in her arms.

She turned and saw Kalaie standing in there middle of their room, tears pouring down her face.

‘Whoa- What is with you- girl?’

She would not speak to us, over, she with me...

She did not know what to do, at their time.

She was simply standing there, deplorable wordlessly.

'What is up?' she said, feebly, given time.

She shook her head and spread her eyes on her sleeve, of her worn-out night top.

'I'm sorry, 'she said hoarsely.

'I partially assume... it is just... learning all this junk... it just makes me... wonder whether... if she had known it all... she would still be alive.'

Natalie's heart sank right back past its usual spot and set up somewhere around her bellybutton.

She ought to have known, being  
notorious... thoughts.

She wanted to talk about Joella.

'She did know this sh\*t,' Naddalin said  
extremely, serious.

'She was good at it, or she could  
never have to their middle of that maze. But if  
Waltemath wants to kill you, you do not stand a  
chance.'

Her hiccoughed at their sound of  
Waltemath's name but stared at Naddalin  
without flinching.

'You survived when you were just a baby,' she said quietly.

'Yeah, well,' said Naddalin wearily, moving towards their door, 'I do not know why nor does anyone else, so it is nothing to be proud of.'

'Oh, do not go!' said Kalaie, sounding tearful again. 'I'm really- sorry to get all upset like this... like- I did not mean to...' She hiccoughed again...

She was very even when her eyes were bloodshot and puffy, yet not as- not as

much as she, beside me. And she was out now,  
looking even sweet then, ever.

Naddalin- felt thoroughly miserable,  
about not leaving her side to go to her, yet she  
did not want to- ever do that.

Like would this girl would have been  
so-o pleased with just a- 'Merry Christmas.' Yet  
she did not get one from back home, not even...  
(Nothing- for years, just a gloomy remembrance,  
of their fact they did not love her.)

Part: 4

'I know it must be horrifying for you,'

I said.

I to go through this...

I was mopping her eyes on her sleeve again, she came over with us not aloud, yet it was done, I could not help but be there for her, it is just me, being me.

'Me mentioning Joella when you saw her die...

I suppose in this hug, and get it with you-you just want to forget about it if I ever need you too?'

'Okay-'

Naddalin did not say everything to this; it was quite true, but she felt hard-hearted saying all and everything.

'You're a good teacher, you know,' said Hayvannah, with a waterlogged smile.

'I've never- ever could dumbfound anything, or anyone before, yet I did just that.'

'Thanks,' said Naddalin awkwardly.

They see each other for a long moment.



Naddalin felt a burning desire to run from their room and, at their same time, wide-ranging powerlessness to move her little young feet.

'Mistletoe,' said Hayvannah softly, pointing at their ceiling over her head, and there kissed.

'Yeah,' said Naddalin... Her mouth was very in need of a drink.

'It's full of Kayarglers, though.'

'What are Kayarglers?'

'No idea,' said Naddalin. She had moved closer to her and now on top and over her um body one, leg, side to side, with her torso, in a lover's hold.

Her brain seemed to have been stunned- like.

'You'd ask Danna.'

Hayvannah made a funny noise, like between a moan, and a giggle, when I play with her and kiss her too, playfully.

She was even nearer to her now.

She could have calculated their  
dimples on her nose.

'I the crazy one like you,' Naddalin. I  
am like you more than I like...

Ha- same- shush!

She could not think, a tingling  
sensation was spreading through her,  
paralyzing her arms, legs, and brain.

She was too close to me.

She could see every tear clingy to her  
eyelashes...

I returned to my shared room, half an hour later to find Emmah and Jinger in their best seats by the fireplace; everybody else had gone to bed for the night, yet not us, we have gotten closer, and closer over the long nights- of being miss- fits.

Emmah was scripting an exceptionally long letter; she had previously filled half a roll of parchment, which was dangling from the edge of the old built-in desk in the room.

Jinger was lying on her hearthrugs, trying to finish her metamorphosis homework, the- being one thing and become another... we

were doing just that the other day before,  
going from girls to butterflies, and the cat  
thing hit me... I knew... yet, say that to them  
back home and I am the crazy one. I am like I  
am not allowed to say what happens here in my  
mind like we are not, let me... on the inside.

Slight changes from a girl too trivial  
things, and then go bigger, for the stars...  
Think big, she said in class, with all in young girl  
minds, said the only one to give these girls hope  
for a life in what is wisdom, a different teacher.

'What kept you?' She asked as  
Naddalin sank into the armchair next to  
Emmah's.

Naddalin did not answer... She was in  
a state of shockwave.

Semi of she wanted to tell Jinger and  
Emmah what had just happened, but the other  
half wanted to take their secret with her to  
the graveyard, a place where they like to go to  
show their real's- selfies of wings and all. 'Are  
you all right, Naddalin?'

Emmah asked, peering at her over  
the landfill of her friend, now making it off the

grown, to see me become, that was neat, yet we were learning how to fly.

#### Part: 5

'What's up? It was said, as a new lifecycle, with her began... as the change was made when they got black wings.' Falling to this is not that bad now, is it...? Naddalin gave a half-hearted shrug, thinking she sold out, yet it is a better life than life at home... how she was on autopilot, they thought, yet in this form, she was new.

In truth, she did not know whether she was all right or not, said Jinger, lifting

herself on her elbow to get a clearer view of Naddalin, looking down at her as she was looking up.

‘What’s happened?’ ‘A fallen angel has fallen’- a classic pun.

‘It’s me- girl’ she said in a seek.

Naddalin did not know how to set about telling term and still was not sure whether she wanted to, that now she was one of them.

Just as she had decided not to say whatever, Emmah took matters out of her



hands, and the wing came out of her back, and she shows herself to her for the first time say- yeah- now your one of us- a suture- hood.

'Is it Hayvannah? She asked competently there, that is the first flight.

(Questions)

'Did she corner you after the meeting?'

Numbly surprised, Naddalin nodded.

Jinger sniggered, barely looking off when Emmah caught her eye.

'So-o, what did she want?'

'To see if I was a dumb sh\*t like  
they say.'

'Oh...?' In a phony unpremeditated  
voice, she said we knew yet do not believe it.

'She,' Naddalin began, huskily; she  
cleared her throat and tried again.

'So-o...'

'Did you kiss?' Asked Emmah  
energetically.

Jinger sat up so fast she sent his ink  
bottle airborne all over their rug.

Disregarding this totally, she stared avidly at Naddalin.

'Well?' She demanded.

Naddalin looked at Jinger's appearance of mingled curiosity and hilarity to Emmah's slight frown and nodded.

'HA!'

Jinger made a successful gesture with her fist, and went into a wild clang, of laughter that made several nervous looks back, an unenthusiastic grin spread over- Naddalin's face as she watched her- Jinger rolling around

on the carpet; and looking for a second time  
over beside the window jump, about too.

Emmah gave Jinger a look of deep  
disgust and returned to her letter. 'Well?'  
Jinger said- finally, looking up at Naddalin.' How  
was it...?' Naddalin was careful for- a moment...

'Wet,' she said truthfully.

Jinger made a noise that might have  
showed jubilation or disgust, it was hard to tell.

'Because she was deplorable,'  
Naddalin continued deeply.

'Oh,' said Jinger, her smiles fading slightly. 'Are you that bad at kissing?'

'Neenah,' said Naddalin, who had not careful this, and at once felt worried.

Flashback- holding time with a spell-  
(That night think back there had a girl, kissy.  
kiss- sex.)

Part: 6

'Maybe I am.'

'Of course, you are not,' said Emmah inattentively, still scribbling away at her letter.

'How do you know?' Jinger said very sharply.

'Because Hayvannah spends half her time crying these days,' said Emmah vaguely. 'She does it at mealtimes, in the loo, all over the place.'

'You'd think a bit of kissing woodcreeper her up,' said Jinger, smiling.

'Jinger,' said Emmah in a dignified voice, dipping their point of her quill into her inkpot, 'you are their most unresponsive wart, I have ever had their hard luck to meet.'

‘What’s that supposed to mean?’ Said Jinger huffily. ‘What per girl cries while someone is kissing them?’ ‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin, slightly desperately, ‘who does...?’

Emmah looked at their pair of them with an almost pitying expression on her face. ‘Don’t you understand how Hayvannah’s feeling now?’ She asked.

‘No,’ said Naddalin and Jinger together.

Emmah sighed and laid down her quill.

'Well, she is feeling incredibly sad,  
because of Joella dying. Marva, I expect she is  
feeling confused because she liked Joella and now  
she likes Naddalin, and she cannot work out  
whom she likes there most of all.

Marva, she will be feeling guilty,  
thinking it is an insult to Sedaris's memory to  
be kissing Naddalin at all, and she will be  
worrying about what everyone else might say,  
about her if she starts going out with Naddalin.

Chapter: 144

Besides, she cannot work out what  
her feelings towards Naddalin are, anyway,



because she was there one who was with Joella when Joella died, so that is all very mixed up and painful.

Oh, and she is afraid she is going to be thrown off their Crow claw Clepsidra team because she is being flown so badly.

A slightly stunned silence greeted their end of this speech, then Jinger said, 'One mergirl cannot feel all that at once, they would explode.'

'Just because you have their emotional range of a teaspoon does not mean we

all have,' said Emmah nastily picqueter up her quill again.

'She was there one who started it,' said Naddalin.' I wouldn't've she just sorts of came at me and next thing she is crying all over me, I did not know what to do." Don't blame you, mate,' said Jinger, looking alarmed at their very thought.

'You just had to be nice to her,' said Emmah, looking up anxiously. 'You were, weren't you?'

'Well,' said Naddalin, an unpleasant heart creeping up his face,' I sort of patted her on their back a bit.'

Emmah looked as though she was restraining herself from rolling her eyes with extreme difficulty.

'Well, one supposes it could have been worse,' she said.' Are you going to see her again?'

Till must, won't I?' Said Naddalin.'

We've got DA meetings, haven't we?'

'You know what I mean,' said Emmah impatiently.

Naddalin said nothing; Emmah's words opened a whole new vista of frightening possibilities. She tried to imagine going somewhere with Hayvannah- Clepsydra, Kalaheo of Wizardry and being alone with her for hours at a time.

Of course, she would have been expecting her to ask her out after what had just happened... Their thought made her Hayvanna hatch clench painfully.

'Oh well,' said Emmah distantly,  
buried in her letter once more,' you'll have plenty  
of opportunities to ask her.'

'What if she does not want to ask  
her?' Said Jinger, who had been watching  
Naddalin with an unusually shrewd expression on  
his face.

'Don't be silly,' said Emmah vaguely,'  
Naddalin's liked her for ages, haven't you,  
Naddalin?'

She did not answer... Yes, she had  
liked Hayvannah for ages, but whenever she  
had imagined a scene involving there two of

them it had always featured a Hayvannah who was enjoying herself, as opposed to a Hayvannah who was sobbing uncontrollably into his shoulder.

‘Who are you authoring their novel to, anyway?’ Jinger asked Emmah, trying to read their bit of parchment now trailing on their floor. Emmah hitched it up out of sight.’ Vickie.’

‘Wilhemina?’

‘How many other Vickie’s do we know?’

Jinger said nothing but looked disgruntled. They sat in silence for another

twenty minutes, Jinger finishing her Transfiguration essay with many snorts of impatience and crossings out, Emmah writing steadily to their very end of their parchment, rolling it up carefully and sealing it.

...And Naddalin staring into their fire, wishing more than anything that Sirius's head would appear there and give her some advice about girls.

...And their fire merely crackled lower and lower, until their red-hot embers crumbled into ash and, looking around, Naddalin saw that

they were, yet again, their last ones in their common room.

‘Well, night,’ said Emmah, yawning widely as she set off up their girls’ staircase.

‘What does she see in Wilhemina?’ Jinger demanded as she and Naddalin climbed their girls.’

Stairs...

‘Well,’ said Naddalin, considering their matter, ‘Is’ pose she’s older, isn’t she... and she’s an international Clepsidra player...’



'Yeah, but apart from that,' said Jinger, sounding aggravated. 'I mean, her is a grouchy get, isn't she?'

'Bit grouchy, yes,' said Naddalin, whose thoughts were still on Hayvannah.

They pulled off their robes and put-on pajamas in silence; Lacy, Laila, and Neville were already asleep.

Naddalin put his glasses on her bedside table, and got into bed but did not pull their hangings closed around his four posters; instead, she stared at their patch of starry sky visible through their window, next to

Neville's bed. If she had known, this time last night, that in twenty- four hours there she would have kissed

Hayvannah Chang...

'Night,' grunted Jinger, from somewhere also she is right. 'Night,' said Naddalin.

Next time... if there was a next time... she would be a bit more contented.

She ought to ask her out; she had been expecting it, and was now angry with her...,

or was she lying in bed, still crying, awful feel is about Joella?

She did not know what to think.

Emmah's explanation had made it all seem more complicated rather than easier to understand.

That is what they should teach us here, she thought, turning over on to his side, how girls' brains work... it would be more useful than Divination, anyway...

Neville snuffled in she sleeps with her girl hand n' hand, sweet and cute.

A flying horse blared somewhere out  
in their night.

Naddalin dreamed she was back in  
their DA room. Hayvannah was accusing her of  
luring her there under pretenses; she said, she  
had promised her, like- a hundred and fifty  
times a Hayvanna cholate black crow cards, if  
she showed up.

Naddalin protested... Hayvannah  
shouted,'

Segregate me loads of Hayvannah  
cholate Black Crow Cards, look!' And she pulled  
out fistfuls of Cards from inside her robes and

threw them into their air. Then she turned into Emmah, who said, 'You did promise her, you know, Naddalin... I think you, had better give her something else instead... how about your Firebolt?'

Besides, Naddalin was protesting that she could not give Hayvannah his Firebolt, because Ambridge had it, and anyway their whole thing was ridiculous, he had only come to their DA room to put up some

Christmas baubles shaped like Dobby's head... The dream changed...

Her body felt smooth, powerful, and flexible.

She was gliding between shining metal bars, across dark, cold 'the body of Neveah'...She was flat on their floor, sliding along on his belly... it was dark, yet she could see objects around her chartering in strange, vibrant colors ... she was turning his head... their corridor was empty... but no... a man was sitting on their floor ahead, his chin drooping on to his chest, his outline gleaming in there dark...

Naddalin put out her tongue... she tasted their scent on the air... she was alive

but drowsy... sitting in Jinger's and their room,  
the doorway at the end of their corridor...

~\*~

Nevertheless, their girl was stirring...  
a grey, wrap fell from her legs as she jumped to  
her feet; and Naddalin saw her vibrant, blurred  
outline towering above her, it was one of the  
ghosts of the school. Naddalin longed to bite  
the chap... but she must become an expert in  
the impulse... she had more important work to  
do... with her sharpen fangs.

She like um- saw a wand withdrawn  
from her yet want to keep doing as she was...

yet the haunt wanted to play, not to be some  
young little girl lost in a window in some  
chamber of a room... forever- never- ever- ever-  
never- to be loved.

I human girl at the graveyard- I  
had my eyes on... named: Brittany- flawing in  
stealthy, I reared high from the ground and  
struck her once, twice, three times, plunging my  
fangs deeply into her, epithelium, I had the  
feeling, her ribs splinter beneath my jaws, she  
has become one of the new haunts of the school,  
I wanted her soul, feeling their warm gush of  
blood... swimming within her it felt, it gave me



more power and to keep my wicked life spin  
going- I must feed on the young girls.

Now she wants to play- even if I did  
this it was for the good of it, she needs to die,  
so I took her away for the pain of the Earthy  
world.

The little 5-year-old girls were yelling  
in pain... to me still, not thinking it all over, yet  
she was missing daddy... then she fell silent...  
when I said it all going to be okay, she slumped  
back against the wall... blood was splattering on  
to their floor... in transparences- like- Her  
forehead hurt terribly... her mind was in the

new body, yet she still saw all that was going on in the other world, it was aching fit to burst... yet I had to console her to the life- of the afterlife in the depths of dark death.

Part: 1

'Naddalin!'

'NADDALIN!'

She opened her eyes, to her. Every inch of her body was covered in an icy sweat, and cold girlie- c\*m; her bed covers were twisted all around her like a straitjacket; she felt as

though a white-hot poker were being applied to his forehead.

'Naddalin!'

Jinger was standing over her looking extremely frightened.

There were more figures at their foot of Naddalin's bed.

She clutched her head in her hands; her pain was blinding her... she rolled right over and vomited over the edge of their mattress.

'She is sick,' said a scared voice.'

Should we call someone?'

'Naddalin! Naddalin!'

She had to tell Jinger, it was very- especially important that she tells her... taken great gulps of air, Naddalin pushed herself up in bed, still nude, like all the other girls in the room, willing herself not to throw up again, there pain half-blinding her. We just thought it was the time of the mouth thing... or sadness, or not adjusting to the new way of life here. 'Your dad,' she panted, her chest heaving. 'Your dads... been attacked...' 'What?' Said Jinger uninterestedly.

'Your dad!'

He is being chopped up as we speak, it is serious, there was blood everywhere...

'No...' she said along with sobbing.

'I'm going for help,' said their same scared voice, and Naddalin heard footsteps running out of their dormitory.

'Naddalin, the bed- buddy,' said Jinger uncertainly, 'you... you were just dreaming...' 'No!' said Naddalin furiously; Jinger needed to understand.

'It was not a dream... not an ordinary dream... I- I was there, I- I saw it... I- I did it...'

She could hear Laila and Lacy muttering but did not care.

The pain in her forehead was subsiding slightly, though she was still sweating and shivering feverishly. And then retched again and Jinger leaped backward out of their way. 'Naddalin, you are not well,' she said- shakily. 'Neville's gone for help.'

'I'm fine...!'

Naddalin Hayvanna, wiping her mouth  
on her night top and shaking uncontrollably.  
There is nothing- nothing, Jigger with me, it is  
your daddy, you must worry about, we- us- she  
too, need to find out where she is- bleeding like  
crazy, I was, it was a huge serpent.'

She tried to get out of bed, but-  
Jinger pushed her back into it; Lacy and Laila  
were still whispering somewhere adjacent.

Whether one minute passed or ten,  
Naddalin did not know; she simply sat there  
shaking, feeling their pain recede very sullyng  
from her scar... then there were hurried

footsteps coming up their stairs and she heard  
Neville's voice again.

~\*~

'Over here, Professor.'

Professor Ashly came hurrying into  
their dormitory in her tartan dressing gown,  
her glasses perched lopsidedly on their bridge of  
her bony nose.

'What is it-? Where does it hurt?'

She had never been so pleased to see  
her; it was a member of their Order of their



Durizy her needed now, not someone fussing over her and prescribing useless potions.

'It's Jinger's dad,' she said, sitting up again.'

'He been attacked by a daemon serpent- and it's serious, I saw it happen she yelled.'

'What do you mean, you saw it happen?' Spoke Professor Ashly, her dark eyebrows contracting.

'I do not know... I was asleep and then I was there... seeing this all...'

'You mean you dreamed this?'

Part: 2

'No!' said, Naddalin furiously; would none of them understand?' I was having a dream at first about something different, something senseless... and then this interrupted it. It was real, I did not envisage it.

Mr. Clena was asleep on their floor, and he was attacked by a gigantic fallen angel of the love of final death, there was a load of blood, she collapsed, someone is got to find out where she is...'

Professor Ashly was gazing at her  
through her lopsided spectacles as though  
horrified at what she was seeing.

'I'm not lying, and I am not nuts-o!'  
Naddalin told her, her voice rising to a shout.' I  
tell you; I saw it happen!'

'I believe you, said Professor Ashly  
curtly.'

Put on your dressing gown were going  
to see their Principal.'

Then- Would not it be good if they  
finished each other off?

And- Jinger murmured in Naddalin's ear, with her soft wet breath.

~\*~

Gonzales's upper lip was curling. Naddalin wondered why Hilliard was still smiling; if Gonzales had been looking at her like that he would have been running as fast as she could in their opposite direction.

Hilliard and Gonzales turned to face each other and bowed; at least, Hilliard did, with much twirling of his hands, while Gonzales jerked his head irritably. Then they raised their wands like swords in the finger of them.

And- As you see, we are holding our  
wands in their accepted argumentative  
position...

And- Hilliard told their silent crowd.

And- On their count of three, we will  
cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming  
to kill, of course.

And- all felt there same.

And- I would not bet on that...

And- Naddalin murmured, watching  
snappy.

Baring her teeth.

One - two - three, and more, all and!

~\*~

Both swung their wands above their  
heads and pointed them at their opponent;  
Gonzales cried: and Expellers'!

And there was a dazzling flash of  
scarlet light and Hilliard was annoying off her  
feet: She flew backward off their stage,  
destroyed into their wall, and slid down it to  
sprawl on their floor.

~\*~

Mallerie and some of their other  
Andreasen's cheered. Emmah was dancing on  
tiptoes. And- do you think she has, all right?

She squealed through her fingers.

And- who cares?

And- said Naddalin and Jinger  
together too and so-o.

Hilliard was getting unsteadily to her  
feet.

The staff, the hat had fallen off, and  
his wavy hair was standing on end.

Well, there you have it! And, she said, tottering back onto their platform.

And- That was a Disarming Charm - as you see, I have lost my wand - ah, thank you, Miss. Brown - yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor Gonzales, but if you do not mind my saying: 'so-o,' it was very understandable what you were about to do next.

If I had wanted to stop you it would have been extremely easy - though, I felt it would be educational to let them see... and... Gonzales was looking lethal.



Hilliard had noticed because she said,  
And-

Enough indicative of! I am going to  
come amid you now and put you all into pairs.  
Professor Gonzales if you would like to help me...

They moved through there the crowd,  
matching up partners. Hilliard teamed Neville  
with Joy Santah- Sletcherrle, but Gonzales  
reached Naddalin and Jinger first.

And- Time to split up their dream  
team, I think, and she sneered.

And- Raila, you can collaborate with  
Finnigan.

- And-

Naddalin moved toward Emmah.

And- I do not think so-o...

Yes- and yes...

And- said snappy, smiling emotionlessly.

And- Mr. Mallerie, come over here.

Let us see what you make of their  
well- known-.

And you, Miss. Kizziah - you can  
collaborate Miss. Bestrode.

- And-

Part: 3

Mallerie strutted over, smirking.  
Behind her walked an Andreassen girl who  
reminded Naddalin of a picture she had seen in  
Christmas with Joy-Anna. She was large and  
square and her heavy jaw jutted aggressively.  
Emmah gave her a weak smile that she did not  
come back.

And- Face your partners!

And- called Hilliard, back on their platform.

And- bow!

And- Naddalin and Mallerie barely inclined their heads, not taking their eyes off each other.

And- Wands at their prepared!

And- shouted Hilliard.

And- When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponents - only to disarm them - we do not want any accidents - one... two... three...

- And-

Part: 4

Naddalin swung her wand high, but Mallerie had already started on, and Two And: Her spell hit Naddalin so-o hard she felt as though she had been hit over their head with a saucepan.

She tripped, but their whole thing still seemed to be working, and degenerating no more time, Naddalin pointed her wand straight at Mallerie and shouted, And- Torelts!

And- yes, and yes...

And- I for one said- disarm only!

And- Hilliard shouted in alarm over  
their heads of their battling crowd.

And- as Mallerie sank to her knees; a  
jet of hoary light hit Mallerie in their heart,  
and she doubled up, breathless, and she peed,  
down her little young girl schoolchild uniform  
skirt, and she took off her undies on their spot  
and said o-opiee-c's.

Naddalin had hit her with a Tickling  
Charm, and she could barely move for pleasing  
giggling.

Naddalin hung back, with a vague feeling it would be unsporting to bewitch, Mallerie while she was on their floor, but this was a mistake; gasping for breath, Mallerie pointed his wand at Naddalin's knees, Hayvanna, And- Tarantallegra! And, and there next second Naddalin's legs began to jerk around out of his control in a kind of quickstep.

And- Stop! Stop!

And- screamed Hilliard, but Gonzales took charge. And, Finite Incarnate! And she shouted; Naddalin's feet stopped dancing,

Mallerie stopped laughing, and they were able to look up.

A haze of jade- sh smoke was hovering over their scene.

Both Neville and Joy were lying on their floor, panting; Jinger was holding up an ashen-faced Laila, apologizing for whatever his broken wand had done; but Emmah and Millicent Bulstrode was still moving; Millicent had Emmah in a headlock and Emmah was whimpering in pain; both their wands lay forgotten on their floor.



Naddalin leaped forward and pulled Millicent off. It was difficult: She was a lot bigger than she was.

And- Dear, dear, and said- Hilliard, skittering through their crowd, looking at the aftermath of their duels. And- Up you go,

Macmillan...

- And-

Chapter: 145

And- Careful there, Miss. Fawcett...  
Pinch it hard, it will stop bleeding in a second.

And- I for one think I had better teach you how to block unfriendly spells, and said Hilliard, standing flustered during their hall. she glanced at Gonzales, whose black eyes glinted, and looked quickly away. And, let us have a volunteer pair – Longboart Hayvannah and Santah- Sletcherle, how about you...

-And, this is A bad idea, Professor Hilliard.

And, yes said snapped, gliding over like a large and malevolent bat.

And- Longboart Hayvannah causes devastation with their simplest spells.

We will be sending what is left of  
Santa Slithered up to their hospital wing in a  
matchbox.

And- Neville's round, pink face went  
pinker.

And, How about Mallerie and-?

And said Gonzales with a twisted  
smile.

And- Excellent idea! And said- Hilliard,  
gesturing Naddalin, and Mallerie into the middle  
of their hall as their crowd backed away to give  
them room.

And, Now, Naddalin, and said Hilliard.

And, when Draco points his wand at you, you do this.

Similarly, she raised her wand, tried a complicated wiggling action, and dropped it. Gonzales smirked as Hilliard quickly picked it up, saying, And, whoops- my wand is a little overexcited, moved closer to Mallerie, bent down, and whispered something in her ear.

Mallerie smirked, too. Naddalin looked up apprehensively at Hilliard and said, and- Professor, could you show me that blocking thing again?

Like- equally- Scared? Similarly,  
muttered Mallerie, so that Hilliard could not  
hear her.

And- You wish, equally said Naddalin  
out of the corner of her mouth.

Hilliard cuffed Naddalin merrily on  
their shoulder.

Also- Just do what I did, Naddalin!

- And-

Part: 1

And- what, drop my wand?

And- nonetheless, Hilliard was not listening.

And- three - two - one - go!

And- she shouted.

Mallerie raised his wand quickly and bellowed, And- Responsorial!

-And-

The end of his wand exploded; Naddalin watched, aghast, as a long black evil angel of the love of final death shot out of it, fell heavily onto their floor between them, and raised itself, ready to strike. There were

screams as their crowd backed swiftly away,  
clearing their floor.

And- do not move, and said Gonzales  
lazily, enjoying their sight of Naddalin standing  
motionless, eye to eye with their angry banished  
angel of the love of final death. And- I will get  
rid of it...

- Similarly-

And- Allow me!

And- shouted Hilliard.

She brandished her...

The wand... at the evil angel of the love of final death and there was a loud bang!

Their fallen angel of the love of final death, instead of vanishing, flew ten feet into their air and fell back to their floor with a loud smack.

Enraged, derision furiously, it slithered straight toward Joy Santah- Sletcherle and raised itself again, fangs exposed, poised to strike.

Naddalin was not sure what made her do it. She was not even aware of deciding to do it. All she knew was that her legs were carrying



her forward as though she was on casters, and that, she had shouted stupidly at their serpent, and- leave her alone, for some time!

Similarly, and yes miraculously - strangely - their banished angel of the love of final death slumped to their floor, docile as a thick, black garden hose, its eyes now on Naddalin.

Naddalin felt their fear drain out of her. She knew their evil angel of the love of final death would not attack anyone now, though how she knew it, she could not have explained.

She looked up at Joy, grinning, expecting to see Joy looking relieved, or puzzled, or even grateful - but certainly not angry and scared.

Same- What do you think you are playing at?

And- she shouted, and before Naddalin could say anything, Joy had turned and stormed out of their hall.

Gonzales stepped forward, waved her wand, and their fallen angel of the love of final death vanished in a small puff of black smoke. Gonzales, too, was unexpectedly looking at

Naddalin: It was a shrewd and calculating look,  
and Naddalin did not like it.

She was also dimly aware of an  
ominous muttering all around their walls. Then  
she felt a tugging on their back of her robes.

And- Come on, equally said Jigger's  
voice in her ear. The same- move - come on...

- And-

Part: 2

Jinger steered her out of their hall,  
Emmah hurrying alongside them.

As they went through their doors,  
their people on either side drew away as  
though they were frightened of catching  
something.

Naddalin did not have a clue what  
was going on, and neither Jinger nor Emmah  
explained anything until they had dragged her  
all their way up to their empty Coletti common  
room.

Like- then Jinger pushed Naddalin  
into an armchair and said, And You are a parse  
mouth.

Why...?

Why- didn't you tell us?

-And-

'And'- I am what?

'And'- said Naddalin.

And- A Parcel- mouth!

'And'- said Jinger.

And you can talk to the banished  
angel of the love of final deaths!

-And- So-o...?

...?...?

And- I know and said Naddalin.

And- I mean, that is only their second time I have ever done it.

I am accidentally set a fallen angel on my cousin- Dariez at their menagerie garden once, when we were younger a- long story - but it was telling me, it had never seen Brazil, and I set it free without meaning to that was before, I knew I was a wizard - Equally- and, An evil angel told you it had never seen Brazil, yet it was on Earth at one time? And Jinger repeated faintly.

And, So-o...?

And- said Naddalin. And- I bet loads  
of people here can do it.

-And-

And- Oh, no they cannot, and said  
Jinger. And- It is not a common gift. Naddalin,  
this is bad.

-And-

And- What is bad...?

And- said Naddalin, starting to feel  
quite angry.

And- What's Jigger with everyone?

Listen, if I had not told that evil  
angel of the love of final death not to attack  
Joy and- Oh, that is what you said to it?

-And-

And- what you mean? You were there  
- you heard me - and...

Then- I heard you speaking Reports,  
and said- Jinger. And- Dark Angel of the love of  
final death language. You could have been saying  
anything - no wonder Joy, you sounded like you  
were egging their evil angel of the love of final  
death on or something - it was creepy, you  
know...



-And-

Naddalin gaped at her... (shocking moment- face... hand up at her mouth.)

And- I spoke a different language?

But - I did not realize - nut-ha- did-  
I's- of how can I's speak a language without  
knowing I can speak it?

-And-

Jinger shook her head. Both her and  
Emmah were looking as though someone had  
died.

Naddalin could not see what was so terrible.

And- you want to tell me what's Jinger, and with stopping a massive evil angel of the love of final death biting off Joy's head?

And, she said. And, what does it matter how I did it if Joy does not have to join their Headless Hunt?

-And-

And- It matters, and said Emmah, speaking at last in a hushed voice, and because being able to talk to the evil angel of the love

of final deaths was what Sofie O. Andreassen was famous for. That is why their symbol of Andreassen House is a serpent.

And...?

Naddalin's mouth felt open.

And- Exactly, And- said Jinger. And, and now their whole savannah is going to think you are his great- great- great- great- grand girl or something...

-And-

But I am not, and said Naddalin, with a terror she could not explain at all.

And- You will find that hard to prove,  
And- said Emmah. And- she lived about a  
thousand years ago; for all we know, you could  
be.

-And-

Naddalin lay's awake for hours that  
night.

Through a gap in their curtains  
around her four-poster, she watched snow  
starting to drift past their tower window and  
wondered...

Could she be a descendant of Sofie O.  
Andreasen?

She did not know anything about- her  
daddy's family- so that was what was said.

The Andreasen had always forbidden  
questions about his wizarding relatives.

Quietly, Naddalin tried to say  
something in Reports.

The words would not come. She had to  
be face- to- face with an evil angel of the love  
of final death to do it.

But then again, I am in Coletti,  
Naddalin thought.

The Sorcererring Hat would not have  
put me in here if I had Andreassen blood within  
me... and then sorcerer ring on their finger for  
good of that color, of the gem-stone that  
matches. the house that I belong to for now  
and always in the afterlife.

Ah, said a nasty little voice in his  
brain, but their Sorcererring Hat wanted to  
put you in Andreassen, don't you remember?

Naddalin turned over, she would see  
Joy there next day in Angel-magical-a-ology and

she would explain that she had been calling their evil angel of the love of final death off, not egging it on, which (she thought angrily, pummeling her pillow,) any fool should have grasped.

However, that night she was thinking more about then seeing the one years-have their first Angel of Flight class, with new grown wings and bodies still nude not yet time to have whippy robes light webbed coverings, fresh red dripping blood still on them as they start to flap. The names of their make

dripping from the backs as it was cut in the  
flesh.